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From Fair
Hawaiiiland

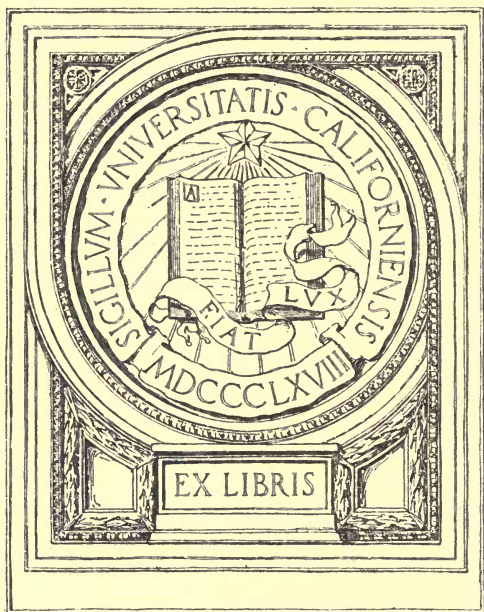


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From
Fair Hawaiiiland

POEMS

BY

P. MAURICE McMAHON

HONOLULU, T. H.



SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
THE STANLEY-TAYLOR COMPANY

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SAN FRANCISCO

To My Mother

*These blossoms of my heart, my mother dear,
I dedicate to you :—
Red roses, lilies white and pure,
Love's fragrant violets too.
They'll speak of me, you'll know how well —
The passionate and divine ;
And for the love you bear to me
I tender them most joyously
To you, O Mother mine !*

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Hawaiian Poems

Hawaii

LAND where the rainbow shines in ghostly splendor
Beneath the moonbeams' cold and pulseless light,
Thou dost inspire my soul with feelings tender,
Till all the world grows lovely in my sight,
Till life becomes as radiant as the starlight
Streaming from those silvery orbs above,
And my heart within my bosom, warmly beating,
Vibrates to blissful thoughts of holy love.

Land of mighty mountains clad in verdure,
Whose rugged crags appear like castles old,
With stately towers and battlements dismantled,
Where armed knights and warriors strong and bold
Once fought for woman's love, and died to please her,
Oh, back you bring the heroic past to me,
Until my bosom swells with strange emotions,
And grand desires of fame and chivalry !

Land of sparkling seas and golden sunlight,
Land of luscious fruits and fragrant flowers,
Where lissome-limbed and black-eyed dusky maidens
Beguile with song and dance the slumbrous hours,
Fain would I revel in your vernal beauty,
Mid sights and sounds I worship and adore,
Dreaming of peace and love and things of gladness
Till life on earth for me shall be no more !

Love's Young Dream

SHE stands, the little dark Hawaiian maiden,
Stands on the bridge holding her lover's hand ;
Feeling within her budding little bosom
A something strange she cannot understand.
The night is dark, the clouds the moon obscuring,
The Waialoa softly flows along,
Deep as the undertow of passion swiftly moving
Within her fluttering heart, as silent and as strong !

She looks into his eyes, believing, yet mistrusting,
Her being aflame with Love's incipient fire,
Conscious the while some force within resisting
This surging tide of life, the hunger of desire.
Listless, afraid, she hears his fervid pleading,
Still weighing, as she conceives, the right and wrong,
Then trembling yields — beyond all comprehending,
Yet so it's ever been — to Love all things belong !

Love, glamorish Love, so rosy and attractive
When with impassioned eyes we view you from
afar : —
Blissful, sublime ! then closely we approach you,
And see how wan and pale, unreal and cold you are !
The light is out — Love's light ; and black the river,
And black the sky, and black the world around ;
Yet glides the whispering stream, and yet the waves are
breaking
Upon the lava-rocks with mournful, sobbing sound !

Once more upon the bridge two forms are standing,	Love's
But she is mute and sad ; something sweet has flown ;	Young
That which she sought, and came so near to finding,	Dream
Alas ! it was not there — 'tis further on !	

Piinau

SHAPELY, pleasing to the sight,
 Eyes of night that sparkle bright;
 Dusky is her pliant form,
 Plump and rounded, fresh and warm.
 But oh, the light within her eyes,
 Telling of closing shades of even,
 Is not the light that speaks of heaven,
 But of Love's lurid, tropic skies !

Swift the lightning of her glance
 Thoughts all wayward doth inspire
 Within my heart, and doth entrance
 My soul, and change my blood to fire.
 Ah, must I turn away from thee,
 Or must the angels pray for me !
 Farewell, you draw me from Love's holy vow,
 Farewell, O Passion — Piinau !

To Kaiulani's Portrait

M AIDEN of the soulful eyes, oft have I sung to many
Maidens fair, but none so rare as you, sweet
Kaiulani.

Bright daughter of a tropic clime, your bounteous
mother, Nature,
Bestowed on you her loveliness in every perfect feature.

Ah, sure, those orbs bespeak a heart where Love is soft
reclining ;
The light is from his merry eyes that in their depths is
shining : —
Those limpid depths, wherein my soul, by Love so long
neglected,
Might gaze and find its sweetest thoughts in glowing
tints reflected !

The palms that grace your native isle, the foliage ever
vernal,
The stars that deck the azure skies, resplendent and eternal,
The silvery moon, the fragrant flowers, the song-birds
blithely singing,
And every bliss that Nature holds, your face to me is
bringing.

The mountains green are grand to view, with clouds
above them sailing,
Enhancing their immensity, their summits partly veiling ;

The crystal streams that from their hearts are ever softly
welling,
Of Love's clear stream within your being are musically
telling.

To
Kaiulani's
Portrait

The radiant rainbows in the skies, the dewdrops in the
morning,
The beauties of the setting sun, the freshness of the
dawning,
With tenderest, sweetest ravishments they endlessly
imbue me,
And in your eyes I find the joys they freely speak unto
me !

Yet do I smile to think such guile is in a picture living —
A portrait of your gracious Self — to set my spirit griev-
ing ;
But here methinks I fondly view that which I'm ever
seeking :
The gem refined, the soul and mind, beyond all lan-
guage speaking !

Oh, shadow of a lovely form : a graceful, budding
woman,
You woo me with a subtle power, transcendent, super-
human.
Alas ! 'tis but an idle dream, and one of very many,
Yet, how can one help loving you — you Siren,
Kaiulani !

Annie Akamu

ANNIE AKAMU of Hilo Town,
Annie Akamu, a sweet little miss,
With a dainty smile and a daintier frown,
And lips you'd be longing to kiss !

Annie Akamu, a Spirit doth fly
From heaven to earth, and hearts ensnare,
And deep in your roguish and soft brown eye
I've seen him nestling there !

Annie Akamu, a lily doth bloom
In a land far over the Western sea,
With a golden heart and a rare perfume,
Oh, you are that lily to me !

Annie Akamu, the lily dies,
Some day its beautiful life is o'er,
But the love that beams in your gentle eyes
Will live for evermore !

And, Annie, my dear, in the afterwhile,
When I see the rain and the sparkling dew,
I'll think, as the rain comes softly down,
Of the merry rain in Hilo Town,
Of a girl with a dainty smile and frown,
And that little girl is you !

An Hawaiian Wild Flower

THERE'S a wild flower blooms in the Isle of Hawaii,
On the hills where in Kona the rich coffee grows ;
No violet so fragrant, so modest and winsome,
No beauty so rare in the young blushing rose.
Its influence soft to my heart penetrated,
Sweet were the emotions commingling there,
So witching the glamor, my thoughts they were centered
On all that in life is most lovely and fair.

Oh, this flower of Hawaii's a charming young maiden,
With eyes that are full of a heavenly grace,
And a Love that is pure and exalted and holy,
Illumining ever her angelic face !
Her manner is courteous, gracious and queenly,
Her voice, like the nightingale's, thrills with delight
As he sings to the stars that are smiling serenely,
Whilst sleeps the still earth on the bosom of night.

In dreams I've beheld many ravishing blossoms,
Transcending all others I've known upon earth,
And this flowerlet that blows on the hills of Hawaii,
Methinks in that region Celestial had birth.
Ah ! never again may I gaze on its beauty,
Never on earth, while the years onward roll,
But an image I'll keep of this wild, fragrant blossom,
Forever enshrined in my truth-loving soul !

The Hawaiian's Lament for His Flag

BELOVED flag ! my country's and my own,
Thou'lt float no more o'er these fair tropic isles,
No more mine eyes thou'lt gladden into smiles ;
Thou art forever and forever gone !
But whilst the waves wash on the coral strand,
In Memory's arch, all tokens far above,
I'll thee revere with looks of fondest love,
Dear emblem thou of this — my native land !

To a Pretty Hapaharle

HOW pretty you are, my little dear,
Yet how pleased you are to show it ;
But prettier far you'd be to me
If I saw you didn't know it !

Beauty I worship for beauty's sake,
I dote on a charming face,
But modesty teaches my heart to love
The thing I admire for its grace.

Song of the Wailuku

(Hilo, Hawaii)

FAIR is the river whose waters are flowing
Over the lava-rocks into the sea,
Where on its banks the moon flowers are blowing,
And the sweet *hala* ever blooms fragrantly.
Glorious the rainbow, brilliantly gleaming,
Where o'er the *pali* they break into spray ;
Then softly murmuring, rippling and eddying,
Gently they're gliding into the bay.
Then softly murmuring, etc.

Clear crystal river, smooth is your current
Whilst the warm sun in the sky's gleaming bright,
But in the storm you're a mad, raging torrent,
Brawling and roaring in your wild seething flight.
Then from your bosom voices are wailing,
Where your swift waters rush towards the reef ;
And the *kamaainas* fearfully tell us
That they are warnings of pain and of grief.
And the *kamaainas*, etc.

Sparkling Wailuku, soft are your numbers,
Sweet are the songs of the past that you bring,
Songs of the maidens who bathed in your waters,
Songs which the gods in their mirth used to sing !
Gone is the past with its song and its glory,
Gone are the maidens, the gods and the braves ;
But you, O minstrel, are telling the story
Whilst they are sleeping sound in their graves.
But you, O minstrel, etc.

To An Hawaiian Skylark

BLITHEST of warblers, sweet is thy lay,
Delightfully rolling, each clarion note
Rings through the air on this bright, sunny day,
Rarest of music from thy mellow throat.
Oh, how entrancing thy glad voice to hear,
What a grand medley of 'wilderling sound,
Falling deliciously down on my ear,
Softly diffusing its essence around !

Like merry laughter your lilting notes ring,
Where the broad swords of the sugar-cane sway,
Like to a bell when it ceases to swing,
Murmuring dreamily, then fading away.
Trembling, enraptured as upward you soar
By the green mountains of fair Waianae,
A fountain of mirthfulness bubbling o'er,
With melody flooding the earth and the sky !

Say, happy songster, what makes you so glad ?
What is the theme of your wondrous lay ?
Do you not sometimes feel weary and sad,
Is your wee heart always cheery and gay ?
Sweetly you're singing when morning is here,
And when the short evening has drawn to a close,
Your rich, thrilling voice is still warbling as clear
As when in the morning all freshly you rose !

Would I were like thee, blithe bird of the air,
Would that my soul gushed with music like thine ;
Then might I banish all thoughts of dull care,
If but such utterance only were mine ;
Then would I trill my soft anthems of glee
On Love's rosy wings speeding lightly along ;
Contented with liberty, joyous and free,
I'd sigh my last breath in wild rapture of song !

To An
Hawaiian
Skylark

Gulches of Hawaii

STATELY, waving palms, clustering lauhala,
Rippling, murmuring streams,
Waters clear and shallow
Flowing to the sea
Where soft winds are blowing,
Voluptuously around ferns and grasses growing ;
Here the sumac waves,
There the green kukui,
With its silvery leaves. Oh, *aloha nui* !
Aloha nui loa, everywhere I spy ye,
With your beauty rare,
Gulches of Hawaii !

The Sassy Little Hawaiian Girl

I MET a little girl in Honolulu,
One of those black-eyed, brown-skinned little girls,
Who never have their hair done up in paper,
Like little white girls cultivating curls.
But she was so quaint, so pretty and so curious,
I said, "My little girl, how do you do?"
And what do you think she said — the little Brownie —
"Who you?"

"I am a great big man, my little baby
[Just fooling her, because I'm rather small],
"And I've a great big pocket filled with candy;
If you tell to me your name I'll give you all."
And what she said I'm sure you'd never guess it;
Just looking up as though she didn't mind,
And wasn't at all afraid — the sassy baby —
"You funny kind!"

"I think you 'funny kind,' my sassy baby,"
I said to her, although I didn't know
The meaning of that "funny kind" expression,
But thought I'd find out by pretending so.
And the answer that she gave — the little *keiki* —
If you guessed at it all day I think you'd fail;
She frowned at me and said, "*Pupule haole*,
I no got tail!"

Oh, you never saw a girl who was so sassy !

But I said, " My little girl, you should be sweet
And nice, and every one would give you candy,

And lots of money and good things to eat."'
And then she just got sassier than ever,

And, making faces, down the street she flew,
Saying : " I no like ; you too much cheeky *haole* ;
Nobody like you ! "

**The Sassy
Little
Hawaiian
Girl**

Kissing at Sunset

THE sun is kissing the fleecy clouds
With a rosy-tinted kiss ;

And I am kissing my sweetheart

With as full a measure of bliss.

The clouds are kissing the mountain-tops,

The stars are kissing the sky,

The daylight is kissing the pulsing earth

With a smile and a happy sigh.

Somebody's kissing the pensive moon,

For she's hiding half of her face ;

And the twittering birds, in noisy glee,

Are kissing in every place.

Over all nature there comes a kiss

From God, of peace and rest,

But the kisses I steal from my darling's lips

To me are the sweetest and best.

To a Dainty Little Schoolgirl

OH, my little maiden,
How sweet you are today,
Like a little butterfly
Going upon its way !

Like a little honey-bee
Visiting the flowers,
Making love to all of them
Through the sunny hours.

Like a little birdie
Singing in the tree,
Telling us how happy
It is possible to be.

Like a ray of sunshine,
Smiling as it goes,
Bringing out the blushes
Of the modest little rose.

And, my little baby,
I wish that this were true :
That all the grown-up girls I know
Were half as sweet as you !

How Sweet to Dream of Love

SONG.

Air : "Fra Diavolo."

HOW sweet to dream of love
Beside the waves of the whispering sea,
Singing a wonderful song to me,
As they ever onward roll !
But oh, the song they sing
Is soft and sweet, and sad and low,
And swift the melody rare doth flow
Deep into my soul !

Heigh ho ! Oh, for the light in Love's bright eyes !
Oh, for the flame that never dies,
But lives forevermore !
Heigh ho ! Oh, for the bliss which love doth bring,
This is the musical song they sing,
Breaking on the shore !

When the morning breaks,
And the lamps no more in heaven are hung,
Sweet are the songs on every tongue,
And the voice of the cooing dove.
And wheresoe'er I roam,
By mountain, vale, and stream and hill,
The song that's echoing, echoing still
Is love, is love, is love !

Heigh ho ! etc.

Aloha, Kuu Aloha, Aloha

SONG

Air: "Fra Diavolo."

WHY should you be sighing wearily,
Aloha, kuu aloha, aloha,
When love is ever smiling cheerily,
Aloha, kuu aloha, aloha.
Where the flowers are blooming, beautiful and fair,
In the sparkling waters, in the whispering air,
And through the boundless spaces, Love is there,
Aloha, kuu aloha, aloha!

Where the waves are sounding on the shore,
Aloha, kuu aloha, aloha,
Love is ever calling, o'er and o'er,
Aloha, kuu aloha, aloha.
Yet often when you seek him, laughingly he'll fly,
Though you pour your heart out in a yearning sigh,
Then ere you know the moment Love is nigh,
Aloha, kuu aloha, aloha!

Love doth come unbidden to each breast,
Aloha, kuu aloha, aloha,
Bringing to the mind a sweet unrest,
Aloha, kuu aloha, aloha.
But happiness he'll bring, too, morning, noon and night,
And loveliness will beam in all that greets your sight,
And the world be brimming o'er with glad delight,
Aloha, kuu aloha, aloha!

Ella of Lahaina

HULA

SWEET Lahaina by the sea,
Oh, how dear you are to me !
There she lives so blithe and free :
Ella of Lahaina.

Dusky is her flowing hair,
Nothing with it can compare,
With her beauty, oh, so rare !
Ella of Lahaina.

Free and easy is her style,
Gentle is her winning smile,
And she would your heart beguile :
Ella of Lahaina.

How I love to hear her sing !
She's too sweet for anything,
Like a lark upon the wing :
Ella of Lahaina.

Oh ! to see her in the dance,
Faith she would your soul entrance,
Like a dream of wild romance :
Ella of Lahaina.

In her features you can trace
All the soft and yielding grace
Of the old Hawaiian race :
Ella of Lahaina.

Ella of
Lahaina

Like a bird upon its nest,
Oh ! forever could I rest
On her warm and heaving breast :
Ella of Lahaina.

“Talofa”

To a picture of a Taupo maiden
of the South Seas.

“TALOFA, Talofa,” a love-laden saying ;
Ah! dusky-hued savage, what pleasure there lies
In the warmth of your being, in the love glances playing
Within the bright depths of your passionate eyes !

Clad in the garments which Nature has wove for you,
Quaint and luxurious and brief is your dress ;
So lovely you are, by the gods I would rove for you
Millions of miles your brown bosom to press !

Talofa, Taupo, soon will I come to you,
Soon will I fold you close unto my heart ;
And the songs that I fashion forever I'll hum to you,
Ever and ever, and never to part.

Talofa, Talofa ! oh, smile to my yearning,
Drain the wild rapture that flows in my veins !
Nurse me and succor me, ease the mad burning
That surges within me : Love's bliss-laden pains !

Then will I blend to you, finding no end to you,
Clinging as mortal but clings in a kiss ;
Sweetly I'll sigh to you, fondly I'll die to you,
Drowned in love's whirls of delirious bliss !

The Sea

(Leaving Honolulu)

THE sea, the wild sea, in the gathering dark,
With the swift, hissing waves and the on-rushing
bark,

Like a bat in the night, with its broad wings outspread
To the phantom-like clouds lowering grimly o'erhead ;
A dim, lurid light in the west, where the sun
In a turbulent mood from our vision has gone ;
A ghostly horned-moon in mad haste hurrying by,
With one lonely star in an ominous sky ;
And the waves, with loud shouting grown husky and
hoarse,

Like demons flying on, on their wide-sweeping course ;
The lusty-lunged winds swelling out every sail,
Groaning loud as they're hugged to the breast of the gale !
Oh ! the loud-shouting waves, how they leap and they
play,

Drenching vessel and sails with their white, splashing
spray !

And the breeze, how of health and of vigor it speaks,
Bringing smiles to our eyes and a glow to our cheeks ;
How the blood in our veins gaily dances along,
Like the wild, reckless waves, with their weird, witching
song !

No soft, whispering airs in the land left behind
Have such life-giving zest as this deep-breathing wind,
Such vigor and strength, or balm such as this
In the length and the breadth and the depth of their
kiss !

The Sea Though 'tis sweet to abide in the isles of the palm,
Midst the odororous warmth and the slumberous calm,
Yet the mind tires at length of the lethargic ease,
And the charms that once ravished no longer they please,
And it turns to the life that is bounding and free,
To the winds and the spray of the deep, singing sea !

Mauna Loa

LIKE to some wondrous world transfixed in viewless
space,
Suspended in the sky,
With a milk-white veil of snow upon your stony face,
Seen through the fleecy clouds that 'round you lie.
Lonely, mysterious, cold and still as death,
Stupendous in your vastness ! Silently
In awe I gaze, and catch my quickening breath : —
Dread emblem thou of life's eternity !
Weird, solemn spectre, phantom-like you hold
And haunt me by your majesty sublime ;
Seeming beyond the reach of all save God ;
Impervious to the withering work of Time !

The Battleship Oregon

Honolulu

A MONSTER of destruction,
Asleep it there doth lie,
Beneath the moon's bright rays
And peaceful tropic sky.
How gross the world must be,
That there must be, to quell
The devil in its nature,
An instrument of hell !
Error, pomp and pride
To think it may be so ;
The way was pointed out
Nineteen centuries ago !

Aloha, Hawaii

HULA

(Returning to Honolulu)

THE morning all gloriously is breaking :
Sweet morning, bright morning, this glad tropic
morning,
As merrily our rolling way we're taking —
Over, on over the sea.

The sun o'er the waters blue is beaming :
This morning, bright morning, this glad tropic morning,
Whilst the clouds in the heavens yet are dreaming —
Over, on over the sea.

Our ship on the ocean's breast is heaving :
This morning, bright morning, this glad tropic morning,
As swiftly the laughing waves she's cleaving —
Over, on over the sea.

The bells fore and aft are gaily rhyming :
This morning, bright morning, this glad tropic morning,
The time that is passing softly chiming —
Over, on over the sea.

The breezes the sails are roundly swelling :
This morning, bright morning, this glad tropic morning,
Whilst the log in our wake the miles is telling —
Over, on over the sea.

A *boatswain* above his course is winging :

This morning, bright morning, this glad tropic morning,
And the billows a song of life are singing —

Aloha,

Hawaii

Over, on over the sea.

The land through the clouds ahead is showing :

This morning, bright morning, this glad tropic morning,
The land of Hawaii where we're going —

Over, on over the sea.

The palms by the lava-rocks are swaying :

This morning, bright morning, this glad tropic morning,
Where the waves on the coral strand are playing —

Over, on over the sea.

Oh ! sweet the *aloha* that will greet us :

This morning, bright morning, this glad tropic morning,
From the friends who are waiting there to meet us —

Over, on over the sea.

Aloha, aloha, oh, Hawaii !

Aloha, aloha, aloha nui loa !

Aloha, aloha, oh, Hawaii !

For oh, thou art dear unto me !

The Leaving of the Lepers

Honolulu

ON the wharf they are gathered together,
This beautiful, sunny day,
Where the ships and boats in the harbor
Are looking so bright and gay ;
Father and mother and brother,
Sister and relatives, all
With grief in their hearts, and the sunlight
To them is a funeral pall.

Oh ! the weeping and wailing,
Oh ! the torrents of tears,
For this is their hour of parting,
And that not alone for years,
But ever and ever and ever,
Never to meet in life,
Father and mother and brother,
Sister, and husband, and wife.

Here is a poor, lone mother,
Clasping her youthful son
Close to her breast, and weeping
Tears that are never done.
Soon they will take him from her,
And the light of her life destroy,
For her poor old heart is breaking
For the loss of her darling boy.

*The Leaving
of the
Lepers*

A husband and wife are clinging,
 Wrapped in a last embrace,
Again and again he kisses
 That tear-stained, upturned face, —
That face with its pallid anguish
 He wooed and won and loved,
Which soon will from him vanish,
 To a living grave removed.

A bent and aged couple,
 With arms that are thin and weak,
Are holding a little maiden,
 Whilst the tears course down each cheek ;
And their eyes look up to heaven
 In a wild, appealing way,
But the sun smiles on serenely
 On the vessels in the bay !

A stalwart man is weeping, —
 Weeping silently,
Wiping away the tear-drops
 So that none perchance may see ;
No friend is by consoling,
 His grief is all his own ;
As one accursed by Nature,
 He mutely mourns alone.

*The Leaving
of the
Lepers*

And here, benumbed, heart-broken,
An afflicted woman stands,
With a voice that is choked by sobbing,
Clasping her daughter's hands,
And twixt the dreary wailing
There comes a piteous cry
From the child of that anguished mother :
“ Good-bye, Mama, good-bye.

“ Good-bye, Mama, forever !
Oh ! must you from me go ? ”
And they cling unto each other
In the depths of their bitter woe ;
Then the tears afresh are flowing,
And again that piteous cry,
That speaks of a world of sorrow :
“ Good-bye, Mama, good-bye.”

Then over the smiling waters
A boat is slowly rowed ;
It comes to take the lepers
To their lifelong dread abode,
Away to a distant island,
Never again to view
The scenes of their happy childhood,
And the friends so fond and true !

*The Leaving
of the
Lepers*

Never again to listen
 To the voices that they love,
Never by mountain and valley,
 And crystal streams to rove,
Never with friend or lover
 To spend the sunny hours
In favorite haunts, and gather
 The beautiful, fragrant flowers.

Never father or mother,
 Brother or sister to see,
But outcasts among strangers,
 This is their destiny ;
Morning, noon and evening
 Their heartfelt woe to nurse,
With those alone who are bearing
 The marks of their terrible curse !

And now a steamer's whistle
 Breaks on the warm, still air,
But it comes to the weary mourners
 Like a wail of dark despair,
Though the sky is blue and the sunlight
 Gleams on the ocean's breast,
And the verdurous vales and mountains
 Are speaking of peace and rest.

The Leaving
of the
Lepers

Then rises a cry of sorrow,
A prolonged, dreary moan,
Like the voice of a suffering spirit
From whom all hope has flown ;
And the last *alobas* are spoken,
And the boat from the wharf departs
Bearing away its cargo
Of bleeding and broken hearts ;

Bearing away its burden
Of life that has lost its light,
Taking it into the lonely
Pain of an endless night ;
And the steamer glides over the waters,
Away from the coral shore,
Which the gaze of the stricken creatures
Will rest on nevermore !

California Poems

California

GLORIOUS land of beauty,
Happy Golden State,
Where sunshine's ever gleaming,
And joys on mortals wait ;
Oh, favored are the children
To whom thou givest birth,
For thou'rt the brightest Eden
In all the lovely earth !

Thy grand and lofty mountains
Are often capped with snow,
But thy verdant, fertile valleys
Cold Winter never know.
Spring, Summer and rich Autumn
There sport on joyous wing,
Whilst flowers bright are blooming,
And song-birds blithely sing.

Thy fragrant orange-blossoms
Perfume the bracing air,
And luscious grapes are growing
Profusely everywhere.
Thy larder it is teeming
With choicest vines and wealth,
And thy soft Pacific breezes
Give sparkling life and health.

California O bounteous land, o'erflowing
With flowers and fruits and wine,
The sweetest words are idle
To tell such charms as thine ;
The glory of thy sunsets
What pen can e'er portray ?
And the beauty of thy daughters,
More ravishing than they ?

Then hail, bright California,
With all thy untold joys ;
Life's a dream of gladness
Beneath thy sunny skies ;
Oh, nowhere in the sweet world
Can man so happy be,
For heaven has its reflection,
Dear Golden Land, in thee !

Santa Barbara

SANTA BARBARA, ever fair,
Beautiful and serene,
Radiant, rich beyond compare,
With your floral wealth
And your charms so rare, —
Hail, California's Queen !

Santa Barbara, bride of the hills ;
Close, in a soft embrace,
Nestling in their arms you lie,
Gazing up at the deep blue sky
With a smile on your mobile face.

Fragrant blossoms adorn your breast,
Lavishly on it strewn ;
Winter and Summer, Autumn and Spring,
Ever of rapturous things you sing, —
With you it is always June !

Ever odorous is your breath
With incense of bright flowers,
Ever pleasant the thoughts that bide
Within your aura, whilst gently glide
The perfume-haunted hours !

Santa
Barbara

Song-birds break your blissful sleep
When Day steals o'er the hills ;
Then butterflies, birds and roving bees
Proclaim their joyous ecstacies,
And life just throbs and thrills !

The Sea is a constant lover who woos,
And worships at your feet,
And every hour of the smiling day
He sings, and at night for your love doth pray
In a voice that is sad and sweet !

The fervent Sun, through the circling year,
Beams on you from above,
And the delicate, whispering Zephyrs sigh,
Kissing your lips as they wander by,
Murmuring words of love.

The changeful Moon, with pensive smile,
On your sleeping form doth shine,
And the dark Night comes, with a million eyes,
Tranquil and soft, in mute surprise,
To gaze on your charms divine.

The bells that swing on the Mission walls
Sing gladly in your praise,
Telling how wondrously fair you've grown,
Through the many changes you have known,
From the dear old Padre days.

And the grand, grey mountains, for ages past,
Have loved you from afar ;
And ever and ever, throughout all time,
Men will sing of your grace sublime, —
How lovely and sweet you are !

**Santa
Barbara**

Santa Barbara, ever fair,
Beautiful and serene,
Radiant, rich beyond compare,
With your floral wealth
And your charms so rare, —
Hail, California's Queen !

The Mission Bells

Santa Barbara

THE Mission bells, I love to hear you chiming,
Though something sad is sounding in your notes ;
Like spirit-voices from the past you're calling,
Whilst trying to clear the rust from out your throats !

Cling, clang, cling, you sadly cry,
While swinging to and fro,
Clang, cling, clang, you speak to me
Of days long, long ago !

Visions strange before my mind are thronging ;
I see the altar where the padre stands,
With eyes upturned, the holy mass repeating,
The crucifix aloft within his hands.

Cling, clang, cling, your song you sing
From alcoves high in air ;
Clang, cling, clang, now resting are
The hands that placed you there !

Dusky forms upon the ground are kneeling,
While from the choir strong, chanting voices ring ;
With hearts inspired by sweet religious feeling,
In praise to God a solemn hymn they sing.

Cling, clang, cling, in monotonous
You murmur, as in pain ;
Clang, cling, clang, you mourn the past
That never comes again !

“ Pray for us, O holy Virgin Mother,”
The zealous converts reverently say ;
“ And all ye angels bright, and saints in heaven,
We ask your prayers to guide us on our way ! ”

Cling, clang, cling, how great a joy
To call to worship then ;
Clang, cling, clang, to move the souls
Of simple, holy men !

Drowsy incense through the chapel’s floating,
As slowly to and fro the censer’s swung,
And drooping forms their breasts are gently beating
Whene’er the tinkling altar-bell is rung.

Cling, clang, cling, your echoes rang
Within each open heart,
Clang, cling, clang, what reverence
Your tones could then impart !

“ Dominus vobiscum,” and the answer : —
“ Et cum spiritu tuo,” soft I hear,
From fervent lips, in deep resounding murmur ;
And God and heaven unto them seem more near.

Cling, clang, cling, the years have stilled
The beating of those hearts ;
Clang, cling, clang, in silence gone —
Thus all in life departs !

Ye Mission Bells Yet still is here the Mission where they worshiped ;
 Within its walls a few pale monks reside ;
 Unmindful of the world, in meditation,
 Like brooding ghosts from out the past they glide.

 Cling, clang, cling, a prayer or mass
 They deem the greatest good ;
 Clang, cling, clang, they count their beads,
 And love their solitude !

 The quaint adobe dwellings are in ruins ;
 Time leaned too heavily on them and they fell ;
 Yet here and there a few remains are cherished,
 The history of the past to mutely tell.

 Cling, clang, cling, you all belong
 Unto a by-gone day :
 Ye monks and bells and sturdy walls,
 Now hastening to decay !

 O Mission bells, I love to hear you tolling,
 Though something sad is sounding in your notes ;
 Like spirit-voices from the past you're calling,
 Whilst trying to clear the rust from out your throats !

Over the Hill to Dibblee's

Santa Barbara

OVER the hill to Dibblee's
In the early morning bright,
With a heart that's gay I take my way,
And a step that's firm and light ;
By the brown and winding pathway
The flowers peep from the grass,
And the linnets warble a roundelay
To me as I blithely pass.

Over the hill to Dibblee's,
When the sun is an hour from bed,
When the light mist lies in the valley below,
And the clear sky overhead ;
When the city is dreamily waking,
And the curling smoke doth rise
Like incense from the chimney-tops,
To the blue of the tranquil skies.

Over the hill to Dibblee's,
Wrapped in the shimmering haze,
Lovely beyond describing
Is the vision on which I gaze :
Mountains fantastic, and valley
Green with its springtime dress,
With blushing blossoms scattered around
Enhancing its loveliness !

Over the Hill to Dibblee's
Over the hill to Dibblee's,
Grand the old Mission appears ;
Romantic and massive, its strong grey walls
Speak of the by-gone years.
No wonder my heart beats madly,
And again is mute and still,
Thanking God for the happiness
I feel upon Dibblee's hill.

Over the hill to Dibblee's,
Beautiful is the sea,
Away ahead where the blue-green waves
Are singing a song for me.
Oh, the odors arising from cypress, gum and pine !
My senses reel with the joy I feel,
Such a wanton bliss is mine.

Over the hill to Dibblee's,
On by the grassy way,
Where the breakers leaping on Castle Rock
Are blossoming into spray.
A plunge in the tempting waters,
A vigorous, glorious swim,
And the goblet of pleasure I lustily drink
Is full to the very brim !

“Dinero Quiero”

Santa Barbara

THERE'S a dusky band of brigands assail me every day :

“Dinero quiero.”

And these the words so terrible which unto me they say :

“Dinero quiero.”

They cluster wildly 'round me — no use to try and run ;
They shout and dance as though it was a matter of great
fun ;

I can't mistake their meaning, for they're yelling every
one :

“Dinero quiero.”

Their wild, bright eyes are open just as wide as are
their mouths :

“Dinero quiero.”

They grab my coat ; oh, horror ! amidst their dreadful
shouts :

“Dinero quiero.”

And louder still they clamor as they 'round my figure
dance ;

Half a dozen nickels doesn't seem a circumstance ;
They'd like about a million, I can see just at a glance :

“Dinero quiero.”

“Dinero
Quiero” This band of fierce marauders has a black-eyed little
chief,

“Dinero quiero.”

And every time he leads the gang I’m sure to come to
grief :

“Dinero quiero.”

The zealous importuner, — his age perhaps is four,
And the rest of his adventurers are five or six, not more ;
So no wonder I should tremble when I hear the rascals
roar :

“Dinero quiero.”

They’re every one *muchachos*, brown, wiry little elves :

“Dinero quiero.”

To the money in my pockets how they’d like to help
themselves !

“Dinero quiero.”

And when the spoils are captured, hilarious is their joy ;
O Memory, but yesterday I, too, was such a boy !

And my heart takes in the little chaps as lustily they cry :

“Dinero quiero !”

When the Rain Comes Down

Ventura

WHEN the rain comes down, though the world
grows dull,
Every face with joy is full
(That just before seemed quite forlorn,
And a troubled, uneasy look had worn,
As for weeks they gazed with anxious eyes
On the beautiful blue of the sunny skies),
And under each umbrella you meet,
As you slide along the slippery street,
You're sure to see a smiling face,
And hear the people in every place
Fully agreeing that, altogether,
This is the "loveliest" kind of weather.
A flood of happiness strikes the town
When the rain comes down !

When the rain comes down the rancher is gay,
And hustles around in a cheery way,
And says to his wife : " I don't suppose
You need to bother with them old clothes ;
See how it's raining — now, that's just grand ! "
And his wife lets fall from her busy hand
The pants and patches, and says : " I guess
I'll be able now to have that new dress
We spoke about a month ago."

When
the Rain
Comes
Down

And the rancher cannot answer no,
For the rain is singing to him a song
That pleases him well as it sweeps along ;
And he laughs and smiles, for the rain-song means
Corn and barley and hay and beans ;
And every drop of the welcome rain
Is a *bean* to him, and he smiles again.
A radiant man is Rancher Brown
When the rain comes down !

When the rain comes down, in the shortest while
The tradesmen all begin to smile
And rub their hands and stroke their chin,
In fancy ushering customers in ;
And the clerks in the store wear a busy air,
Dust the counters, and everywhere
Hurry about in the greatest haste,
Displaying their goods with the nicest taste ;
And the shoe-store man is heard to say :
“ This is the weather for ‘ making hay ’ ; ”
Parading his rubbers and stoutest shoes,
Appropriate things for the people to use
To ward off fevers and colds and chills,
Rheumatic pains and doctors’ bills.
And the rain still falls with a joyous sop,
A smile embodied in every drop ;
And never a mortal is seen to frown
When the rain comes down !

When the rain comes down the earth, in bliss,
Feels the life-giving, tremulous kiss
Upon her lips, of the lusty rain,
And thrills with vigorous life again.
She opens her arms to the soft embrace
Of her amorous lover, with smiling face ;
Drains the sweets of the honeyed showers,
And dreams of grasses and beautiful flowers ;
Dreams of butterflies, birds and bees,
Browsing cattle and leafy trees,
Singing rivers and rills and streams ;
Oh, sweet, indeed, are the earth's glad dreams !
 The world is wearing a golden crown
 When the rain comes down !

When
the Rain
Comes
Down

A California Idyl

THE days are long, and the fields are brown and yellow,

Greener seem the trees that nestle by the hills,
Oh! the days are warm, and the evenings they are mellow,
And a soft, sweet sense of joy it all instils.

The wild flowers fade strewn upon the meadows,
But freshly flourish in the cañons by the streams,
And the song-birds sing resting in the shadows,
'Neath the cool green leaves where silence ever dreams.

Dreams! dreams! dreams! the whole gay world is
dreaming :

The mountains and vales, the heaven-speaking flowers ;
Dreaming of Love, and the songs around me teeming
Speak of her beauty and the magic of her powers.

Love fills the earth, everything filling,
Bird, leaf and flower tremble in bliss,
Tremble and blush, blushing and thrilling,
And the noonday swoons 'neath the ardor of her kiss !

Radiant Spirit, to me thou art a maiden
Voluptuously fashioned, with a mobile face,
And a form with the charms of summer days laden :
The fragrance, the softness, the beauty and grace.

You sing to me now, and again you are sighing,
Your rosebud lips breaking gently apart,
And a quick, yearning voice in my soul is replying,
As your light touch steals o'er the strings of my heart.

Q
California
Jdyf

The wild bee hums : a brave merry rover,
The dove coos low, your voice it can hear ;
And the songs of the day are of sweetheart and lover,
Oh ! the songs of the day are glad to my ear.

The light breeze plays with the flowers and the grasses,
Whispering your secrets, sauntering along,
And they all bend low to hear as it passes,
Then murmur and murmur your rapturous song.

By verdurous hills when twilight is falling,
Where mingle their odors the sage and the pine,
Bird calls to bird, lovingly calling,
But the love notes uttered are all of them thine.

Thine, too, the fragrance the flowers are outbreathing,
Sweet as fond kisses which young lovers steal ;
And Nature her garlands in bliss is enwreathing,
And the joy that they hold is the joy that you feel.

Rich are the fruits on the trees and the bushes,
In orchard and garden, on bramble and stem,
So fair to the view, so mellow and luscious,
My thoughts are of you while I'm gazing on them.

California
Jdgf

Q The clear river runs in a wild, merry fashion,
The smooth round boulders tumbling o'er,
Singing of life and the depth of its passion,
Then murmuring of love like a gay troubadour.

The butterfly seeks out the flower that is fairest,
The humming-bird sips of the sweetest and best,
And my spirit on thine, that is purest and rarest,
Would fain evermore in repose gently rest.

Then would I dream as airily I'm dreaming,
But feel in its fulness what faintly I feel,
And the things that are now would be only in seeming,
And the dreams that are now alone would be real!

Dreams of the morning, noonday and even,
Born of the sun and the stars and the moon,—
Dreams that are changing the earth into heaven
By the witchery that lies in this fair month of June!

And the sun and the moon and the stars in their glory
Sing to me blithely as onward I rove,
And the warm pulsing earth is repeating the story,
And the songs that they weave are the dream-songs of
Love!

Love and Sentiment

Love

Song

LOVE'S the yearning poet's theme,
Of love his soul is ever singing ;
Like blossoms rare his thoughts so fair
From out his life are springing.

Love's an angel's raptured song,
From God to us poor mortals given,
A golden strand with which to bind
Our souls to Him and heaven.

If love be not, then life must be
A dreary world where weeds are growing,
Where not a flower its fragrance sheds,
And chilly winds are blowing.

Ah, loveless soul, sad is your lot,
No rosy chains of love to bind you ;
Before you lies a stormy sea,
A barren waste behind you !

The Sweetest Song of All

THE world said to a singer : “ Sing me your sweetest song,

Give me the grandest melody that doth to life belong ;
You’ve sung of hopes and longings, of joy and misery,
But I must have a grander song than all of these from thee.”

The weary singer faltered, “ Oh, what can I sing more ?
I’ve sung you heartfelt melodies a thousand times before.”
Then a blissful thought came to him, like a voice from heaven above,

And he sang the sweetest song of all, the mystic song of love !

Then the world in wonder listened to the singer’s raptured lay,

And banished was all sorrow, and night seemed bright as day,

And heavy hearts were lightened that had mourned throughout the years,

And listless eyes were brightened, and smiled through happy tears.

Then the singer’s voice grew stronger, and louder still it rang,

And peace came to his hearers the while he blithely sang ;
The day was filled with music, which held men’s souls in thrall,

And the world bowed down and worshiped the sweetest song of all !

Hunger

DID we not hunger, then we'd ne'er know joy ;
In Hunger's womb all happiness has birth !
Had we no cravings life would be extinct ;
Hunger is Life, Satiety is Death !
And Death is Life again ! Oh, wondrous mystery !
But this I know : all Life must hungry be !

The ardent lover hungers for a smile
From her he loves, and in a world of bliss
Vibrates and throbs, when in some raptured hour
He steals from her coy lips one little kiss.
Then what ? There comes a longing and a pain,
And he would kiss and kiss and kiss again !

Yet full completeness never can be his,
Else he had kissed but once, then all was done
So far as kissing went, and life had ceased
The moment that the victory was won !
I joy that Nature's plan was never this,
Or I had known the bliss of but *one* kiss !

'Tis thus through all the subtleties of life :
The object gained, the wish is born to rove ;
We know not why ; 'tis Nature bids us change —
Thus live ! and fear and hope, and hate and love,
And yearn for newer joys each want to fill,
And seek for something better, sweeter still !

A Kiss

LAST night you gave me something — nothing : something still !

As real as is the world, the universe combined ;
But this strange thing which you on me bestowed
Was felt more by my soul than by my mind ;
'Twas an electric shock, a pulsing bliss,
A long, delicious, warm, magnetic kiss !

My lips touched yours, drawn thither, swiftly drawn
By some wild impulse, as the magnet flies
Unto the steel, by some affinity,
A subtle something that within them lies ;
Each feels for each, each to the other springs,
And seems content, and gently, softly clings !

It thrilled my very soul, and thrills me still,
And every portion of my being doth fill
With keenest life, that tingles and vibrates
Again and yet again, pulsates and still pulsates ;
And o'er my heart-strings sweeps a long soft sigh ;
I sigh and sigh and sigh, and know not why !

It was the first fond kiss you to me gave,
Setting bright waves of thought in trembling motion,
That rise and fall and sing as on they swell,
Like white-caps gaily dancing on the ocean,
And sweeping on, rise higher still and higher,
As though no bounds could be to their desire !

I thought your spirit entered into mine,
That I absorbed you, body, mind and soul;
We seemed as one, you fitted into me,
And I in you, one sweet harmonious whole;
You filled the void within my mind and heart,
Each aching wound no more did pain and smart.

Each tiny atom of my plastic frame
With superconscious life became imbued,
And grew and grew until they worlds became,
Whirling in space amid the solitude,
As move the stars in rhythmic, measured time;
And I: the Universe, complete, sublime!

A mystic song was sounding in my ears,
A melody too delicate to play
On other strings beside those of the heart;
A song that drives all discord far away,
And keeps the mind forever fair and young—
A sweeter song than tongue has ever sung!

'Twas Love that sang! then let us kiss again,
And hear his witching song, and taste his honeyed
 blisses;
So sweet it is, I'd fain forever rest
My lips on yours, vibrating to your kisses,
And dreamily drift on Love's impassioned sea
From life to life throughout eternity!

Sunflowers

YOU sweet, impulsive sunflowers,
I meet you every day,
You nod to me, you speak to me,
I wonder what you say ?
I meet you by the wayside,
In the fields and by-paths, too,
No matter where I ramble
I am always meeting you.
And you dear, impressive sunflowers,
So familiar you've become,
I'd feel lonesome were you missing
From the places where I roam.

But your looks are far from modest ;
You've never yet seemed shy,
And you gaze on me intensely
With your ardent dark-brown eye ;
You look at me serenely
With a confidential smile,
And there's something very queenly
In your unaffected style.
Yes, you wink at me unblushingly,
And wantonly and gushingly,
As though you'd like to woo me,
If only for a while !

Oh ! you wild and wicked sunflowers,

There's no virtue in your glance,

But there's chivalry about you,

And you're teeming with romance ;

The violet, rose and daisy

Seem angelic and fair,

But there's a charm about you

More ravishing and rare !

Oh ! the violet, rose and daisy

Are more gentle, but I'm crazy

With the thoughts which you are whispering

When I meet you everywhere !

Yes, you're full of mad abandonment,

Of love that likes to range,

And though you'd swear by one today,

Tomorrow you would change !

You're lusty and you're amorous,

You're flippant and you're gay,

Yet how can I resist you

When you woo me in this way ?

Oh ! I read your thoughts so clearly,

You would swear to love me dearly,

And you'd rob me of my virtue

If I chanced with you to stray !

Sunflowers But you glad and joyous sunflowers
You are sparkling and bright,
And you fill the world around me
With a warm and mellow light ;
You eclipse the gloomy visions
That at times around me throng,
For you're full of merry laughter,
And you're brimming o'er with song.
So I'll forgive the madness
Of your love for all the gladness
You are shedding o'er my pathway
As I lightly stroll along.

To Love and Be Loved

“**T**O love and be loved,” a maiden sighed,
“How happy would life then be !
Oh, I wonder if in the wide, wide world,
This love abides for me ?
’Tis lonely here in the world so sweet,
Though blossoms are springing around my
feet.”

“To love and be loved,” a poet cried ;
“Oh, life is a weary thing
Without this heavenly, ideal love
Of which I dream and sing !
This beautiful world is a dreary spot
Whilst I dream of love, and find it not.”

“To love and be loved,” an angel said,
“With body and soul and mind,
Is the bliss the spirits in heaven know,
Which never on earth you find.
But oh, in that fragrant, tranquil sphere,
The love will be yours you sigh for here !”

A Beautiful Rose and a Violet

A BEAUTIFUL rose I plucked one day,
It had no perfume — I cast it away.
A violet lay in the grass at my feet ;
It spoke to my soul with its fragrance sweet !

A vain, handsome woman, in artistic pose,
Once threw me a smile — 'twas the scentless rose !
A modest young maiden by chance I met,
Plain, clever and sweet — 'twas the violet !

Blood

BLOOD in the cheek of a beautiful girl
Is lovely to gaze upon ;
And who would speak of the dainty cheek
When the rich, ripe color is gone ?
Blood that is shed is a horrible red,
And gruesome and terrible seems ;
But the blood in the cheek of a maiden fair
Inspires, whilst warmly mantling there,
A million poets' themes !

An Answer to a ?

“**I**S THERE such a thing as Love ?”
Fie upon you, out upon you !
See how Mother Nature joins
Things in pairs so neatly !

“Is there such a thing as Love ?”
Ask your heart, that warmly beating
Wishes for a tender greeting,
And 'twill tell you sweetly !

“Is there such a thing as Love ?”
Ask your Soul, with all its burning —
Can *it* love ? Its passionate yearning
Answers you completely !

Passion

YOUR selfish Passion !
Dignify it by the name of Love !
And swear by all you know 'tis Love's most sacred fire ;
Then jealous grow and watchful, eager to distrust,
And know you know not Love, but Lust !

To Mary

MARY, you're an ivy plant,
Graceful, tall and slender,
That doth ever love to cling
To a brave defender.

Mary, I'm a sturdy oak
From the earth upspringing,
A tree that's ne'er complete without
The ivy to it clinging.

What say you, sweet Ivygreen?
Does your spirit doubt it?
If not, then make haste, my dear,
And twine yourself about it!

Infatuation

I SAW her : ye gods, how she moved me !
I deemed her a Naiad divine !
In a moment my heart it was trembling
With the joy that was suddenly mine ;
Then a strange sadness grew in my bosom,
In longing I saw her again : —
A week — I was laughingly wondering
How she brought me such joy and such pain !

To the Moon

O MOON, with your set, white face,
Hiding behind yon cloud,
Like the ghost of some poor world defunct
Wrapped in its winding shroud ;
Gliding through infinite space,
Rigid and pale and cold,
Wearing ever that petrified smile,
Never appearing old !

O changeful, haunting moon,
So silent and so wan,
Something there is in your sphinx-like smile
Of a life and a love that's gone !
O shade of a dead, cold world,
Like you I ply my quest,
And seek for a life and a love I've lost
With a mind that can never rest !

Woman

To feel herself desired
Is woman's pleasure ;
Her favor's to refuse
Of bliss her measure !

That Girl

NO girl ever thrilled me in all my life
As *that girl* thrills me !
No girl ever filled me, never before,
Like *that girl* fills me —
With passion and love ! I sigh and dream,
My thoughts flow on like a troubled stream,
Life is not what it used to seem :
She nearly kills me !

No girl so long in my mind ever stayed
As *that girl's* staying !
No girl such tunes on my feelings played
Like *that girl's* playing !
And how will it end ? Ah, misery !
I can not think what the end will be ;
But she's playing the "devil and all" with me,
There's no gainsaying !

My Lady's Eyes

I'LL sing a song to your eyes, my lady,
They're worthy a poet's sublimest lay ;
Bright as the dew on the grass, my lady,
As dreamily soft as a warm spring day.

They're full of the light of the sun, my lady,
They beam with the joy of the fragrant flowers,
Clear as a crystalline brook, my lady,
Fresh as the earth after sunny showers.

They reached my heart with their light, my lady,
It beat in a measure that knows no care ;
They warmed my heart with their glow, my lady,
And melted the love that was frozen there.

They wakened my soul with a glance, my lady,
Which moved me as hurricanes move the deep !
It awoke with a quiver of joy, my lady,
From the thrall of a commonplace life dull sleep !

Then the world grew glad as a song, my lady,
The grasses, the flowers, the trees and the skies
Were painted in ravishing tints, my lady,
By the light of your beautiful dark-brown eyes.

All Nature warbled of love, my lady,
My soul, too, was singing a blithe refrain,
Then a fear stole into my life, my lady,
And my heart was filled with a sweet, sad pain !

Love

LOVE is a fever that burns in our veins,
A malady made up of pleasures and pains —
A turbulent, plausible spirit who takes
Possession of hearts, and a mad riot makes
In the realms of the mind, when he's blindfolded Reason,
And just "plays the devil himself" for a season.
Most beautiful images he will portray :
The bliss of a lifetime contained in a day !
And when we have fully believed all his lies,
He lets fall the bandage from poor Reason's eyes,
Laughs at our folly, and mockingly flies !

What Is Love?

LOVE, what is love ?
'Tis easily defined : —
An illusion of the sight,
A madness of the mind !
And when the glamor's o'er
And the first wild passion fled,
Love is then no more,
Reality's there instead !

The Oscillating Osculation

THE oscillating osculation
The secret is of all creation,
For by the pleasure it is giving
Each molecule in Nature's living,
And every atom feels the blisses
Of contact, known to us as kisses !
And thrills and throbs and glows and gushes
As each unto the other rushes.

The beasts and birds, the flies and fishes
Regard the blending as delicious,
And not a flower had ever flourished
If in this manner 'twas not nourished.
'Tis thus each seeks its kindred spirit,
Expending force in getting near it,
And life is just one grand vibration,
Proceeding from the osculation !

His Fond Ideal

A POET sat in his room alone,
Pensively dreaming there ;
His soul was weary, it yearned for love
With the longing of mute despair.

Far had he traveled in many lands,
But this yearning in his breast
Was never still, each changing scene
But added to his unrest.

“Why is man born,” he vainly asked,
“Filled with intense desire ?
Where is the wisdom and love of God
Shown in this torturing fire ?

“God of the universe,” sadly, he cried,
“In pity look down on me ;
Give me the object alone I crave,
If in heaven or earth she be !

“Fill the great void in my aching heart,
Teach me, O God, to feel
Sweet consolation ! — she lives somewhere,
My beautiful, fond Ideal !”

Then dreamily sighing, he slowly traced
The words of a little song
To the spirit he loved with a soul of flame —
A love that was noble and strong : —

“ Where will I meet her, what will she say
When I shall greet her in life some day ?
Sweetest of raptures over me steal
When I think of you, love, my fond Ideal !

**His
Fond
Ideal**

“ Life is a desert till you to me come,
Where all is barren, and flowers never bloom ;
From bliss an outcast I ever feel,
Whilst you’re absent from me, my fond Ideal !

“ Oh, you are beautiful, radiantly bright,
When I see you in dreams in the hush of the night ;
How I would love you words can not reveal,
My Life, my Affinity, my fond Ideal ? ”

* * * * *

The soft bright rays of the lighted lamp
Lay mellow upon the floor,
The leaves on the eucalyptus tree
Whispered, close by the cottage door.

A young and slender tree grew there,
A friend in the lonely night,
And it spoke of strange and warning things
When the stars gave out no light.

Lustily ticked the noisy clock,
Time quickly onward sped ;
In listless mood, on folded arms,
He bowed his weary head.

His The dry wick smoked in the empty lamp,
Sond The morning dawn was nigh,
Ideal But the motionless figure never stirred,
Nor felt how the hours went by.

Silence mysterious, deep, profound,
Had fallen within the room ;
Save the moaning wind and the ticking clock,
Not a sound disturbed the gloom.

The still form moved, then looked around,
How strange appeared the sight :
The face was changed, the eyes were filled
With a supernatural light !

With outstretched arms he stood erect,
Transformed indeed was he ;
The light that glowed in his upturned eyes
Was a wondrous light to see !

Then out of the darkness came a mist,
A cloud of a violet hue ;
A moment's time, and the azure haze
To a lovely woman grew !

Bright auburn hair hung to her waist,
Clasped by a sparkling zone ;
Her dark-brown, earnest, soulful eyes
With heavenly rapture shone.

The face was delicate, soft and sweet,
Pure as a crystal brook ;
No passion of earth was gleaming in
The chastity of that look !

His
Fond
Ideal

Nearer she drew, he felt her breath
Upon his fevered cheek ;
Entranced he gazed, the mystic spell
Too holy was to speak !

O ecstasy ! her lips met his
In a swooning, clinging kiss !
“At last,” he murmured, “heaven is kind !”
The longing no more was his.

* * * * *

The morning dawned, the daylight came
And peeped through the latticed blind,
The sunbeams pressed on the smiling face
A kiss that was warm and kind.

The leaves on the eucalyptus tree
Danced in the glowing sun,
The birds and flowers seemed happy to know
The shadows of night had flown.

But never again will the poet's heart
The rapture of morning feel :
The soul had broken its prison bars,
And fled with its fond Ideal !

Miscellaneous Poems

The Sparkling Wine

LET them say what they will of the sparkling wine,
'Tis sunlight and fragrance to spirits that pine ;
No sorrow and care
Lie cankering there ;
But the soul of a god, an essence divine,
Embodied in this concentration of bliss,
Fires my blood as I drink, and I airily think :
How great is the joy which is mine !

And when the rich goblet my lips they have pressed,
It gives to my soul such a vigor and zest
As the ground feels in spring !
And I laugh and I sing,
And scribble a rhyme to the girl I love best —
At the moment, nor deem man was made but to mourn,
That life's a sad dream, things not what they seem,
For 'tis real and pleasant enough as I feel
How sweetly the Fates have me blest !

And I joy in the ease of a bachelor's life :
Romance and abandon ; nor wish for a wife,
For life's all sufficient,
There's nothing deficient
Whilst the glass is full up to the brim,
And my rare old cigar scents the air, and my friend
His bright conversation unto me doth lend ;
And we drink to the girls and wish they may be
In their maidenhood joys just as happy as we,
For there's sunlight and fragrance, to souls that doth pine,
To be found in a goblet of sparkling wine !

The Pair of Us

HERE are two of us here together,
Yet we can never agree,
For one of us always is praying,
And the other upon a spree !

One of us loves to wander
Away by the coral shore,
Where the waves are always sparkling,
And laughing and tumbling o'er ;
Away to the mountains and valleys,
Hearty and blithe and strong,
Trying to unravel the meaning
Of Nature's beguiling song !

And the other is always yearning
For a joy that he deems divine,
And ever is finding trouble
In women and fun and wine ;
No matter the hour or the minute,
'Tis always the time to drain
The goblet of Passion and Pleasure,
And laugh at the thought of pain !

The one that is ever praying
Is beautiful to behold,
With a form like a sculptor's vision,
And features of classic mold ;
And his gaze is always searching
The depths of the tranquil skies,
And the light of love is beaming
In the glance of his gentle eyes !

And the other : yes, bold and handsome,
Dashing and bright and gay ;
At times — well, the devil may picture
The facts in his own sweet way !
For he's wild as the raging tempest,
And an angel from God couldn't move
His soul from absorbing the pleasure
Of the thing that he wants to love !

Two of us here together,
But faith we can never agree,
One of us always praying,
And the other upon a spree !

The World

THE world is a jaunting car,
Whirling on through the realms of space ;
Its steed is the sun, and the stars and the moon
Join in the merry chase.
Then hurrah for the jolly world ;
Life is a constant ride ;
We rush through space at a breakneck pace,
And there's lots of room inside !

The world is a huge football,
To amuse the gods at play,
And they laugh and shout as they toss it about,
Through each restless night and day.
Then hurrah for the merry world,
For the wind's and the thunder's roar,
For that is the noise that is made by the boys
As they kick it o'er and o'er !

The world is a mighty top,
Spinning round in a deep-set groove ;
With a furious force it flies on its course,
Yet none of us feel it move !
Then hurrah for the dizzy world
As it spins and spins and spins ;
But the way is clear, so we've nothing to fear
For the safety of our skins !

The
World

The world is a great balloon,
Gliding on through the quivering air ;
Father Time is our guide on our lifelong ride,
And he'll stay with us till we get there.
Then hurrah for the buoyant world,
Moving on from the rugged past ;
Gliding over the sea of eternity
To some haven, we hope, at last !

The world is a well-stored ship
On which we all embark,
Sailing 'round and 'round, but whither we're bound
We're all of us still in the dark.
And our pilot and captain and crew,
Which to sailors will seem very odd,
Are combined in one as we're sailing on,
And he goes by the name of God !

The world is a wondrous thought,
Evolved from some mystic source ;
Sublime, profound, it turns around
On its even, lightning course ;
On, on, till the end of time ;
On, on, through the countless years ;
And it's singing a song as it whirls along,
Or sobbing with bitter tears !

Sweet June

(England)

SWEET witching June, I adore you,
And the beautiful season you bring,
As lightly you trip o'er the meadows
With the blossoms of indolent spring.
And you whisper so sweetly of summer,
In your charming, bewildering way,
As you crown all the hedges with hawthorn
That should have been brought in by May.

The roses in haste are unfolding
Their buds when they see you in sight,
And are breathing their souls out in fragrance,
In a blissful, ecstatic delight.
The butterflies dance in the sunshine,
And the brisk little bee, with a hum,
Sings the merriest song, with a chorus :
“ O June, we're so glad you have come ! ”

I would that you were a young maiden,
Oh, then I'd you warmly embrace ;
I'd clasp you tight unto my bosom,
And kiss the bright smiles on your face !
For you bring me fresh flowers in the morning,
In the evening you bring the shy moon ;
And how can my heart help but love you
When you woo me thus fondly, sweet June ?

“The Golden Age”

(To a painting of a beautiful girl by
Charles J. Chaplin)

YES, this is the “Golden Age,”
When the heart is young and the eyes are bright,
When the years to come are a blissful dream,
And the present a paradise sweet doth seem,
With its youth and love and light !

O youth ! with your innocence, laughter and smiles,
I, too, have your joys embraced ;
Your hopes did rest in my throbbing breast,
My lips did your nectar taste ;
But your flowers are dead, their perfume fled,
And the garden laid to waste !

And mine is an *iron age*
Where withered hopes are rife,
Where the soul in doubt through the mind looks out
On the shifting scenes of life,
And yearns to know, as the sad days go,
The meaning of the strife !

Sleep

WE sleep whilst we move, and eat and drink and talk,
Sleep in old ideas, false notions, and we walk
Still onward, day by day, in narrow pathways creep,
And deem ourselves awake when most we sleep !

Boomerangs

THE thoughts we think are boomerangs ;
We send them forth, some low, some high,
But wheresoever they from us fly,
All come back in the self-same course —
All come back with an added force :
The good, the bad ; the first to bless,
From the hand of God a soft caress,
And the others to blight all happiness !

To a Dead Sea-Buff

HOW came you to die, blithe skimmer of the sea ?
Lying lonely on the shore, so still, in peace,
With scarce a feather ruffled, much I wonder how
The pulsings of your merry heart did cease.
Your bold companions skim the heaving waves ;
Forsaken here, alone, you lie with Death,
Here on this bunch of seaweed, where perchance
You lay to rest, and drew your latest breath !
No wound I find from murderous gun of man,
Your little body feels yet slightly warm,
And nought is there to tell why life did cease
From out your buoyant, cozy, feathery form !
The white-capped, tumbling, merry, surging wave
Calls you in vain to ride its foaming crest ;
Alas, my little pilgrim, you no more
Will skim the sea or nestle on its breast !
But yes, once more you'll ride the laughing waves : —
Here I consign you to their gentle care ;
Upon the bosom of the outflowing tide,
On to the deeper sea your form they'll bear ;
The sea you loved will fold you in its arms
In death, as when in life you skimmed along
The shouting waves when thunder rent the skies,
Or when in calm you screamed to hear their song.
Rest, gently rest, on the singing sea,
Sweet is such rest upon the solemn deep,
Whilst genial sun and moon and sad-eyed stars
Look down on you encalmed in Death's soft sleep !

When the Tide Comes In

WILD are the waves, the winds are high,
Darkness has seized on the evening sky ;
See them advancing there out of the gloom
Of the fog-covered waters, and leap and roar,
Like white-shrouded monsters, alive from the womb
Of the ocean, assailing the trembling shore !
Hear how they shriek as they reach the land,
Terrible, passionate, cruel and strong !
Terrible, — yes, but majestic and grand,
And they're thundering forth a most terrible song !
'Tis a song that reaches the depths of my soul,
As onward they rush, and seethe and hiss ;
It startles me, fills me with sudden dread,
Till I laugh aloud in a terror of bliss ;
For there's something both awful and grand in the din
Of the thundering waves when the tide rolls in.

Life's Waves

THE waves of life sweep swift along,
They come and go I know not whither,
And my soul is thrilled by their wondrous song,
Blown hither still and thither.

Oh, a sad, sad thing is this moaning life,
A lone, wan form that's never sleeping,
A wraith that glides midst tombstones white,
With eyes forever weeping !

And a joyous thing is this pulsing life,
Where wild flowers blow and sunlight glistens,
Like a maiden, fresh from a blissful rest,
Who for her lover listens !

Awake, my soul, and take your fill,
Nor sit and sigh, forever yearning,
And quaff the draught with a right good will,
Be it cold or madly burning !

For the thing will die that is standing still ;
If your thirst is strong, then haste and slake it ;
And the draught you drink, be it good or ill,
Is as you've made and make it !

Life's Yearning

ALL night long the fog came drifting
From the sea upon the land,
All night long the restless waters
Moaned and rolled upon the strand ;
They were crying aloud for something
Mortal mind can't understand.

All night long Life's foggy billows
Of dull thought came rolling o'er,
All night long my restless spirit
Moaned and tossed upon Life's shore ;
Like the waves it yearned for something
It may long for evermore !

Restless waves and restless spirit,
Why toss thus in agony ?
Hungering, crying aloud, what seek ye ?
Why this ceaseless misery ?
Something whispers — 'tis by hunger
You must reach your destiny !

Only a Cocaine Fiend

“ ONLY a cocaine fiend ! ”

That's what somebody said,
As a starved, bedraggled creature out
From the city jail they led ;
A woman she seemed to be,
Alas ! I could not trace
The faintest spark of womanhood
In that haggard and loveless face !

“ Only a cocaine fiend ! ”

Yet she is somebody's child !
Somebody loved to gaze upon
That face with its stare so wild.
Where is the mother whose love she knew,
Ere she in the gutter fell ?
Who was to blame ? God only knows !
Sometimes it is hard to tell.

“ Only a cocaine fiend ! ”

And this in a Christian land !
Oh, where is the charity of the Christ
That reaches a helping hand ?
Calling to man to pray,
The churches their bells doth toll,
Whilst passing their doors on the path to hell
Is drifting a mad, lost soul.

Despair

ONCE in my life for a moment
I looked in the eyes of Despair,
Gazed whilst my blood was curdling,
For *Horror* looked back at me there :
Horror and blackness appalling ;
Life from her presence had fled ;
Like the grave her immutable staring,
And Hope at her feet blanched and dead

As one by paralysis stricken,
I staggered, dumb, blind and aghast ;
The hand of Oblivion seemed on me,
To Life I clung tremblingly fast ;
And straight from my heart, in the silence,
To God there ascended a prayer,
That never again might I look in
The terrible eyes of Despair.

Hurrah for the Demon of War

HURRAH for the Demon of War,
Again he's let loose on the world,
And the flags and the banners afar
Are to the glad breezes unfurled ;
With the music of fife and of drum,
The rhythm of quick-stepping feet,
Onward the bold heroes come,
Mid the cheers of the crowd in the street.
How brave is the Demon of War !

Hurrah for the Demon of War,
He's clad in a beautiful guise ;
Love of country and glory and fame
In the depths of his bright, eager eyes !
His spirit sweeps over the land,
Hearts are thrilled by the warmth of the flame,
And it's oh, for the deeds that are grand,
And it's oh, for the soldier's proud name !
Oh, radiant Demon of War !

Hurrah for the Demon of War,
And oh, for the blood to be spilled !
And oh, for the honor that comes
From the enemies mangled and killed !
Oh, for the passion that fills
Our souls in the carnage and strife ;
They're cursed dogs, every one !
And what do we care for a life !
Oh, bloodthirsty Demon of War !

**Hurrah for
the Demon
of War** Hurrah for the Demon of War,
The wild cheer and the rush to the battle,
The flame and the smoke and the shouts,
The groans and the musketry's rattle !
The struggle to kill and to live,
The thirst and the gasping for breath,
The terror, the madness of hell,
The agony fighting with death !
Oh, horrible Demon of War !

Hurrah for the Demon of War,
For the deeds that are brutal and gory !
In the blood of our foes we will wade
To the summits of fame and of glory !
Our music the shot and the shell,
Whilst our swords with the red blood are reeking,
No quarter to give or to take,
War to the death only seeking.
Oh, merciless Demon of War !

O angels of heaven look down
And weep for our sorrow and pain,
Weep for the glory men seek
In the cursed soul-branding of Cain !
Weep for the fatherless child,
The widow who toils for her bread,
And the poor, lonely mother whose heart
Is broken for one who is dead !
Oh, cruel, heartless Demon of War !

Mothers of Soldiers, Here Are Your Songs

An Episode of the War in the Philippines

MOTHERS of soldiers, here are your sons !
They've brought them back for you today,—
Brought them over the clear, blue sea
From the land where they journeyed far away ;
They've brought them back from the tropic isles,
Where the palm trees sway by the coral strand,
Home again to their native land
To meet your welcoming smiles !

Two thousand, they say, on the transport came —
Two thousand ! and oh, how many more
Will follow on in the self-same way
From that fever-haunted shore ?
They'll come like these on vessels brave,—
Just like these — in Death's embrace,
With that stony look on each manly face,
Cold and mute as the yawning grave !

Come and claim them, mothers all,
Take them again to your aching breast,
Think of them as a sleeping babe,
On your bosom forever to rest !
They've brought them back, ah, God ! so still,
With eyes that know not the light of day,
With lips that never a word will say,—
O Heaven, is this your will ?

Mothers They bravely fought for their country's sake,
of Soldiers, For honor and glory and such like things —
Here Are Shadowy phantoms of deathly shape,
Your Sons The glory that war only brings !
“ Glory, glory, honor and fame, ”
A mother cries, with a staring eye,
“ God of the Universe, how they lie, —
’Tis murder and horror and shame ! ”

Mothers of soldiers, here are your sons,
Home again from the coral strand,
Back from the sweltering, tropic isles,
Coming to meet your welcoming smiles
On the shores of their native land !

Happiness

I'VE sought through the world for happiness
Everywhere,
Searched for the gem called "happiness,"
Finding but care.
In the turbulent city I found it not,
Nor yet in the quietest, loveliest spot,
Wheresoever I placed my lot,
It was not there !

But time, experience, sorrow and pain,
Have made me wise ;
Methinks I see it now marked plain
Where happiness lies ;
'Tis not in cleaving the ocean's foam,
Nor as a wild spirit on land to roam,
But in the duties and love of home
I view the prize !

To a Dead Little Girl

O H ! where is thy spirit gone ?
No more it glads my sight ;
Fled from its earthly nest,
Like a bird when plumed for flight !

Where is the fragrant flower
That flourished but yesterday ?
Go ask the wanton wind
That scatters the leaves away !

Where is the sunshine bright
That beamed in those eyes so dim ?
Ask Death who quenched the light
That never belonged to him !

And where the priceless gem —
The sparkling, happy mind ?
Alas, the jewel's gone,
And the casket's left behind !

Yet methinks 'twas God himself
Who plucked the precious stone
From its setting of common clay,
To adorn His heavenly throne !

In Memoriam

To Mark N. Kennedy

GOOD-BYE, my old genial acquaintance,
Good-bye — yes, I'll call you my friend,
For your heart it was large, Mark, and friendship's
Acquaintance that's sweet to the end ;
And short though the time I have known you,
So deep was the impress you gave
Of the frank, earnest nature within you,
I grieve you are gone to your grave !

Good-bye, Mark, the sea it has claimed you,
Unto it you gave your last breath,
And the waves with loud voices have named you
Their spirit companion in death ;
Deep, deep in the turbulent waters
You sank when the boat went ashore ;
A moment, then suddenly left us,
The friend we shall never see more !

No more on earth's pathway you'll greet us
In your jovial, considerate way,
With a shake of the hand when you'd meet us,
A smile and a cheery "good day" ;
But in Thought's mystic region our spirits
With yours will commune, and you'll know
The esteem of the friends left behind you,
How great was our grief you should go !

In Good-bye ! May the gods e'er be with you
Memoriam Wherever your spirit may roam,
Where'er in the void you may wander,
In whatever new land be your home ;
Good-bye, Mark, good-bye — heaven bless you ;
We'll keep fresh your memory here,
With a smile for your kindly good nature,
For your loss a deep sigh and a tear !

Religious Poems

Life's Object

WHAT is life's object ? I asked of a spirit
That spoke unto mine in the still hours of sleep ;
Poor mortals on earth will be happy to hear it,
Too much sorrow we know, and too often we weep.
“ The object of life ? ” sublime the expression
That shone in her rapturous, angelic face.
“ It is to acquire and to hold in possession,
As a blessing from God, every talent and grace —
Every beautiful thing ; the body to cherish,
To keep it in purity, vigor and health,
To be generous and loving, not selfishly grasping,
For happiness lies not in hoarding up wealth.
Wealth of itself can never bring pleasure,
Nor peace, nor contentment, nor music, nor mirth ;
The sweetness and strength of the soul is the measure
Of bliss to all spirits in heaven and on earth ! ”
Then fondly she smiled, and swift from my vision
She sped as she uttered the last soothing word,
With a song on her lips, to the regions Elysian :
And I wept in my sleep as the music I heard !

Bound, Whither Bound ?

BOUND, whither bound ? poor mortals are we,
Bound to the shores of Eternity !
Bound to the realm where vast millions have gone,
Where each in his turn must journey alone,
Increasing in numbers since first it began ;
On sweeps the strange mob, but the tottering old man
Ere he goes through the gateway of Death looks around
And wonders, much more than the child, where he's
bound !

Bound, onward bound ! and we can't help but go ;
Time pushes us forward, now fast and now slow ;
Some hurrying onward with eager, mad haste,
All anxious and burning the blisses to taste
Which are waiting for them in the bright life to come,
In the place they regard as their "Heavenly home" ;
Whilst others point grimly alone at the ground,
As if there lay the goal to which mortals are bound !

Bound, whither bound ? go ask them and see
What they think is their probable destiny.
By their faith some will say they are journeying to God,
And some see the end with the worm and the sod.
Some do not know, and but little they care,
Content with the world and its bountiful fare ;
And some say in cycles we go round and round,
Through birth after birth to the goal where we're bound !

Bound, whither bound ? plodding along,
Now with a moan, now with a song,
Now with a smile, now with a sigh,
Now longing to live, now wishing to die,
Now singing and dancing and laughing at fears,
Now heartache and sorrow and terrible tears,
Now prayers and entreaties, but oh ! not a sound
Is borne to our ears from the land where we're bound !

Bound,
Whither
Bound ?

Bound, whither bound ? who knows, who can tell ?
But some are for heaven, and others for hell !
But what the extent of those realms may be
Is veiled in perpetual mystery ;
Yet glimpses at times we catch in our dreams
Of rapturous things, and the mystery seems
Unveiled, and revealed to our mortal eyes
Are the joys of the valiant and pure in the skies,
In the realm where true souls are with happiness
crowned,
Through the portals of Death, where we mortals are
bound !

There Is No Death

WHEN thou shalt close thine eyes in death,
When Time for thee on earth has sped,
The fleeting of thy gentle breath
Shall be as perfume shed ;
And as the beauteous butterfly
Doth burst its crumbling chrysalis,
So shalt thou from thy body rise
To grander realms than this !
There is no end, there is no death,
Though death annihilation seems ;
'Tis but a simple wandering hence
To dream your brightest dreams !

God's Likeness

GOD made man in his likeness !
So the books tell us — how odd !
It seems to me man in *his* likeness
Created an image of God !
For all man's worst passions there center :
Pride, hatred and envy are shown
In the "all-loving God" of the churches.
O man, the bad traits are your own !
For the Spirit that's ruling creation
Must be every feeling above,
Save one, in its beauty and grandeur,
And that is the feeling of love !

The Great Secret

THERE'S a great and wondrous secret man would
like to know,

Of which we're ever thinking as on through life we
go : —

The cause of our existence, and whither we are bound !
But oh, to our earnest queries there cometh not a sound !

For this mighty secret's guarded by a Being whose name
is Death,

And he tells to those its meaning who feel his icy breath;
But whenever a mortal hears it the spirit leaves the clay,
And to whisper the wondrous secret not a moment doth
it stay !

And men have died to solve it in countless bygone years,
But from them not a sign is given, though we plead with
bitter tears ;

And the years are ever changing, and day still follows
night,

Still of this mystic secret there comes not a ray of light !

**The
Great
Secret**

Yet, Nature's whispering of it in the glad world every-
where,

And the key to unlock the secret is hidden somewhere
there ;

The murmuring streams and flowers are telling it every
day,

But they speak in an unknown language, and we know
not what they say !

The seas and winds together, since first they had their
birth

On the morning of Creation, when they wed the
trembling earth,

Are telling the wondrous story, over and over again,—
The mystery of our being, but tell it to us in vain !

Oh, this ceaseless, heartfelt yearning, this wish to com-
prehend,

Was ordained by the great Creator for some good and
happy end ;

And we feel in our hearts this secret is something sub-
lime and grand :

And when Death shall tell it to us, then at last we'll
understand.

Let Me Pray

I AM not what I would be — let me pray !

My thoughts are ever turning to the earth ;
To coarser things I bend where'er I stray

Than these pure thoughts that now in me have birth ;
How oft before I've clung to some grand thought,
Yet has my yearning effort come to nought ?

We are not what we would be — let us pray !

To pray is to resolve with soul intense,
And by the inspiration we receive

Mark out some higher pathway, and go hence
Believing God has touched us, we have heard
Some truth within the sweet, unspoken word !

When You Are Dead

WHEN you are dead and sleeping

The sleep of all mortal clay,
Life's chariot still will trundle

On in the same old way ;
And your life will be as a shadow

Gliding across the floor,
And your body but a remembrance,

For you'll never see it more !

Meteors

A METEOR rushed through the darkened night,
I traced for an instant it's aerial flight ;
So swift it flew I could scarcely mark
Its earthward course through the haunted dark ;
Methinks, if 'twas rightly understood,
'Twas a flash of thought in the mind of God !

A brilliant thought shot through my mind, —
A lightning flash, — and it left behind
No trace, — and, as my life it crossed,
Was unrecorded, forever lost !
Oh, wondrous thoughts, define, who can ? —
Meteors that fly through the mind of man !

To God

SPIRIT that speakest in all that is sublime,
Spirit beyond all sense of form and time,
To thee I pray in moments of distress,
Nor doubts my perverse soul that thou wilt bless.

Spirit of God — imponderable still !
To thee I meekly bow my stubborn will,
For 'tis in thee all suffering doth end ;
Blest mystery, — I ne'er can comprehend !

A Thought of God

I TRIED to think what God was :
The omniscient, primal cause
Of life, ere manifested
To us by Nature's laws.
And my soul it went from out me
Into the vast unknown,
Where horror dwelt and blackness,
And dread oblivion !
Into a sea of nothingness
My frenzied spirit sank,
Then life was dissipated,
And the Universe a blank !

Belief and Knowledge

BELIEF is born of Hope and Faith
And nursed by Love and Fear,
But Knowledge from experience comes
From out the past and here.

In the Placid Hour of Worship

WHEN sweetest song is swelling in the placid hour
of worship,

When the organ's grandest melody like ocean waves
doth roll,

Then Life becomes harmonious, and its petty cares fall
from me,

And a fervent prayer arises to God within my soul.

Bright beings seem to hover in the unseen world about
me ;

My fancy hears the rustle of enraptured angels' wings ;
Oh, I feel their soft caressing, with the incense of God's
blessing,

And I'm lifted in my spirit high above all earthly
things !

Oh, may this song transcendent be mine until life's
closing,

Till my ears no more can harken earth's music sweet
and fond,

Then may blest spirits lead me to the things from out the
darkness,

To the bliss I'm ever dreaming in the silent life
beyond !

A Reverie

WHEN I'm at peace, my soul, with thee,
What sweet emotions throng
Within my being, how joyously
My life becomes a song !

Ah, then to thee in union close,
My fervent soul, I cling,
And find in life such happiness
I can not help but sing.

Such color never was before
In leaf and flower and grass,
Such fragrance and such loveliness,
As blithely on I pass.

Such tender, melting melody
My ear hath never heard
As flows from out the tiny throat
Of some enraptured bird.

And birds and winds and laughing waves
Are singing merrily,
And I a merry echo am
Of all their revelry.

For I'm at peace with you, my soul,
And all the world is mine :
In touch with all there is in life
Harmonious and divine !

My Soul

MY soul is a harp, and God is the player !
I hear the rustle of angels' wings
As his fingers sweep o'er the plastic strings.
Oh ! low and sweet, and sweet and low,
Such wonderful music the heart can know !

My soul is a garden where Love doth bide ;
Sublime is the light in her rapturous face
As she sings of heavenly beauty and grace !
Oh ! low and sweet, and sweet and low,
How great is the bliss which the heart can know !

Spirit of God, be with me ever,
And Love will ever abide with me !
Where thou art not, she can come never,
For Love is the Spirit, O God, of thee !
Then evermore, so sweet and low,
I'll sing of the joy my soul doth know !

On the Bosom of God Is Rest

WHEN the spirit is broken and weary
Through the length of the torturing night,
When the body is sinking and fainting,
And the mind in a panic of fright,
O suffering soul, be patient,
And peace will reward your quest
If you seek in the midst of your anguish
The bosom of God for rest !

Through the day we heedlessly wander,
Nor think of the sorrow life brings,
But the troubled spirit will ponder
At night on the unseen things :
Ponder and think and grow weary,
With the burden of thought oppressed,
Then learn, in the depths of the silence,
On the bosom of God is rest !

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